

THE LITTLE SWISS GIRL WHO DIED TO SAVE HER FATHER'S LIFE.

I want to tell you about a little girl in Switzerland who died to save her father's life. I hope it will lead you to think of Him who died a dreadful death on the cross that we might be saved from sin and sorrow here, and at last dwell with him in bright mansions in the skies.

This little girl lived near a deep ravine at the foot of one of the mountains in Switzerland. A huge rock had fallen down the mountain side and lodged in the ravine, and thus made a natural bridge, so that those who wished to pass from one side of the mountain to the other could cross the bridge. The mother of this child was an earnest Christian, and often told her daughter about the Savior who died in the place of sinners, who deserved to be punished, that they might be forgiven and saved in heaven; and she told her also that unless she came to Jesus and trusted in him she would be lost forever. At first the little girl did not care very much about what her mother said, but at last the mother's prayers were answered. Her little one felt herself to be a lost sinner, and that Christ alone could save her. God's spirit taught her that Jesus had paid the debt, and that he stood with open arms ready to receive her and wash her sins away. So she went to Jesus and trusted in him. Then she felt sure that heaven would be her home forever. Her father was not a Christian. He never gathered his loved ones around the family altar.

One day, when about to cross the deep ravine upon the rock bridge, the mother saw that it was just ready to fall. The frost had loosened it. She told her little child that if she ever crossed it again it would fall, and she would be dashed in pieces.

The next day the father told his child that he was going over to the other side across the bridge. She said to him it was not safe, but he only laughed at her. He said he had been across it before she was born, and that he was not afraid. When the dear little thing saw that he was determined to go, she asked if she could go with him.

While they were walking along together she looked up in her father's face and said, "Father, if I should die, will you promise to love Jesus and meet me in heaven?"

"Pshaw!" said he, "what put such a wild thought into your head! You are not going to die, I hope. You are only a wee thing, and will live many years."

"Yes, but if I should die will you prom-

ise to love Jesus just as I do, and meet me in heaven?"

"But you are not going to die. Don't speak of it," he said.

"But if I should die do promise, father, you will be a good Christian, and come up and live with Jesus and me in heaven."

"Yes, yes," he said at last.

When they came near the crossing-place she said, "Father, please stand here a minute." She loved him dearly, and was willing to run the risk of dying for him. Strange as it may seem, she walked quickly and jumped upon the loose rock, and down it went with the little girl. She was crushed to death. The trembling parent crept to the edge, and, with eyes dim with tears, gazed wildly upon the wreck. Then he thought of all his little child had told him about how Jesus had died to save us. He thought he had never loved his child so much. But he began to see that he had far more reason to love Jesus, who had suffered much more to save him from the "bottomless pit." And then he thought of the promise he carelessly made to his daughter. What could he do but kneel down and cry to God to have mercy upon him?

If they meet in heaven do you think that daughter will be sorry that she sacrificed her life for her father's sake? Can you not imagine that tears often filled the eyes of that father when he spoke of that sainted little one?

You say he would have been a very wicked man if he had not loved the memory of his child. But is it not a thousand times more wicked for you not to love Him who has loved you so much more than the little one loved her father?

How can you help loving such a precious Savior? Will you not ask him to forgive you and help you to live for him the rest of your life?—*E. P. Hammond.*

THE BIBLE.

The Bible is the oldest and best book in the world. It is the only book that gives us a true knowledge of life, and accounts for the worthful condition of the human race. It is the only book that offers salvation and life to man and declares a resurrection of the dead. The only book that tells Jesus left the glory he had with his Father, and was bound in this sinful world in our form and likeness. How he was tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin. How he was hungry, yet fed the multitudes; was thirsty, yet gave the water of life to all who would partake. How he was persecuted from house to house, and from city to city, yet went about doing good.—*Ethel Hopkins.*

A SUCCESSFUL FAILURE.

Yes, I suppose you may call Eben a successful man. He does a good business but in my mind he isn't prosperous. So said Mrs. Tracy to her sister who had congratulated her on the purchase by her husband of a mill which he thought to have bought at a bargain.

"Well," returned her sister, "it seems to me that everything he touches comes out just right. He's the busiest man in town."

"That's just it," retorted Mrs. Tracy. "He's busy and he succeeds in his doings; but that isn't prospering—not as I understood it. You see," she continued, "when we were first married he leased the little woolen mill down on the stream, and we got along first rate. He wasn't over busy, and we used to ride round together every afternoon, and have lots of company and good times."

"But he began to make more money, and buy more wool, and more mills to take care of it, and more storehouses to put it in, until it takes about all his time to get from one mill to the other. Sometimes I see him on Sunday, but he is generally busy resting up again. He's about as much a slave as if he was chained in a galley."

"Yes, but he does make money," said one.

"Well, perhaps so, but it all goes to buy more wool. If anybody hankers for lots of wool in this world, that's one thing. Eben has any amount of wool, but when it comes to getting the real solid goodness out of life and enjoying it, he's forgotten how to do it. Really, as I look at it, Eben is the most unprosperous man in town."—*Youth's Companion.*

HOW A WOMAN PAID HER DEBTS.

I am out of debt, and thanks to Dish Washer business for it. In the past five weeks I have made over \$500, and I am so thankful that I feel like telling everybody, so that they can be benefitted by my experience. Anybody can sell Dish Washers, because everybody wants one, especially when it can be got so cheap. You can wash and dry the dishes in two minutes. I believe that in two years from now every family will have one. You can get full particulars and hundreds of testimonials by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Co., 145 S. Highland Ave., Station A, Pittsburg, Pa., and you can't help but make money in this business. I believe that I can clear over \$3,000 the coming year, and I am not going to let such an opportunity pass without improvement. We can't expect to succeed without trying. MRS. B.